

STORIES of AMERICAN CITIES

Recognized Chum in Robber Who Held Him Up

OMAHA.—With a highwayman's pistol stuck into his face and his own hands above his head, Charles Gardner said: "Why, is that, you, Bill?" It was the robber's turn to look closely. "Hello, Chuck, that you?" he answered. He turned to his companions.

"Stuff's off, fellows," he announced. "Let this bunch go." Gardner and his four companions were allowed to proceed with their automobile.

As the result of the midnight recognition between bandit and victim, William McCarthy, aged eighteen, and George Marsh, aged seventeen, are in the city jail and are said to have confessed to three robberies of which they are accused. Gardner and McCarthy are college mates at Creighton university. Marsh is also a student.

Driving a roadster, McCarthy and Marsh went to Blair at midnight and held up the proprietor of a confectionery store. They got \$38.

Leaving Blair, according to McCarthy's statement, they ranged alongside a "silver" driven by John Kruse, a farmer living near Florence. With Kruse was his brother, Fred. Kruse attempted to escape when he saw one of the robbers leaning from the roadster with a revolver in view, but well-directed shots punctured the rear tires of the Kruse machine. The farmers were forced to give up \$4 and a watch.

The next event and the fatal one of the three robberies was when the youthful bandits sighted the car in which Gardner and his friends were riding. They were bound on an early morning duck-shooting trip.

Not noticing the five shotguns piled in the car, McCarthy, waving his revolver, ordered the hunters to stop. He lined the five alongside the road and was about to search the party when Gardner recognized him and said so. The hunters were allowed to leave unsearched. The arrests followed.



Not a Desperado; Man Was Merely Absent Minded

CHICAGO.—A restless individual paced back and forth near Madison and LaSalle streets near midnight. His actions attracted the attention of a woman on an opposite corner. His apparent nervousness, coupled with the mysterious handbag, brought to her mind the recent bomb explosion at the federal building. The woman decided to await developments.

Presently a north-bound car rumbled toward the crossing. Dropping his satchel, the mysterious stranger sprinted toward it, jumped aboard and was gone before the amateur detective could think twice. His desertion of the suspicious satchel, convinced the onlooker that a foul plot was afoot. She called for help. A Pinkerton watchman was first on the scene.

In hurried words the woman told all she had seen, pointing shakily to the innocent-looking handbag resting on the curb. The watchman was cautious. Were the bomb threats scattering explosives miscellaneous about the streets of Chicago? He must be careful. He decided to await the arrival of the city police.

In due course of time the proper authority appeared in the person of Sergt. Fred Berger, policeman on special duty in the loop.

Berger proved a courageous policeman. Taking his life in one hand and the satchel in the other, as it were, he carried the treacherous burden to the first precinct station.

Nervously the cops gathered around as the bag was opened, to reveal: One kodak, value about \$25. One set of fishing tackle. One bullhead, recently deceased.

If the absent-minded party who lost this treasure will appear at the station he probably will be able to recover his property.

How They Welcome Wounded Yanks in New York

NEW YORK.—A sturdy hero of the Solissons drive, who doubtless has a long and useful life before him, held between his thumb and the one finger still remaining on his right hand a cigarette that he smoked enjoyingly. His face was gnarled and twisted from shrapnel wounds. His left arm and his left eye were shot away. The Hun had at least left him a pair of stalwart legs. That man is happy. The mutilated side of his young face glowed with inward radiance.

Out on the edge of the grounds, where the goldenrod and the asters and the bittersweet make a gay autumn tangle, a blue-eyed veteran of Cantigny was seeking solitude in which to try out two artificial legs attached below the knees. He progressed between a pair of crutches, but there was hope in those blue eyes and courage in his soul, the deathless memory of his deeds in France, to sustain through life his halting gait. The morale of the wounded youth is magnificent. There is no whimpering, no whining.

Many of the wounded men had crossed from Brest to New York in the great Leviathan, fellow passengers of Mr. Kincheloe and his congressional party. They joyfully stamped the speaker on crutches and in dressing gowns to swap experiences and to display personal trophies of the war, and everybody joined in singing lustily "Good Morning, Mr. Zipp, Zipp," "Over There" and all the rest of the jolly choruses.

And such pampered pets as these dear invalids are! A stream of private motor cars is constantly before the door, usually with a gentle chauffeurette at the wheel, to take the convalescents driving. Women file to the hospitals in droves laden with homemade goodies for the men and other offerings.

A Woman, a Flower, and a Fib That Was Pure White

KANSAS CITY.—She was large and heavy, with clumsy, work-stiffened fingers and a face net-worked with care. For long minutes she had been standing in front of a florist's window, with yearning eyes on the banked ferns and delicately tinted flowers.

At last she sighed and half turned away, hopeless longing in her eyes; but rebellion smoldered there, too, and as she cast a backward glance at the beauty she loved and was denied, rebellion hardened to determination. She fumbled in her purse and drew out a quarter, swung around and entered the shop.

"How much are them posies?" she asked huskily, pointing to some faintly pink blossoms on the window ledge. "Those are fifty cents." The woman studied them a long time. "They're powerful pretty," she murmured resignedly.

The girl looked at her keenly. Perhaps it is because she loves people as well as flowers that she keeps fresh and sweet through long, hot days. "Yes, they are beautiful; but my favorites are not those blue flowers," she said brightly, pretending to have misunderstood to which flowers the woman referred. "I like these pink ones, at twenty cents, best."

"Why, them's the ones I wanted," the woman exclaimed, and in spite of herself her voice trembled. "I'll take one of them at twenty cents."

The girl smiled as she wrapped the plant and watched her radiant customer go down the crowded street, the flower held close as something infinitely precious; and she was still smiling when she dropped thirty cents from her own pocket into the cash register.



Coats for the Depths of Winter



Fur fabrics have become so handsome and rich that they associate on equal terms with real skins. They do not suffer by this close comparison. Until the present year coats made of these fabrics were set off by collar and cuffs and bands of fur, but now we find the fabrics and fur dividing honors in the body of as brilliant garments as any, except those magnificent long wraps and cloaks of costly skins that are only the privilege of the very rich. The time may come when things as they were will be reversed and the fur fabrics become a decoration for coats made of fur.

Among the really impressive coats that have been brought out for mid-winter wear, there are some very handsome models in which fur fabrics are so generously trimmed with fur that the effect is that of an all-fur garment. The picture at the head of this article portrays a coat of castor-colored plush which looks something like moleskin, but is more lustrous. It is straight hanging and has a wide girdle of the fabric, crushed about the figure below

the waistline and fastened at the front with a large buckle. The very deep border at the bottom is made of three bands of skunk fur and there is a splendid collar of this becoming fur. Ample cuffs of it give character to the roomy sleeves. Although not in the same class with the highest priced all-fur coats, these combinations of furs and fabrics are not found to be inexpensive. But both plush of this kind and skunk fur are good investments. The skunk is among the most durable of furs and the plush will outwear it.

Sport-Wear Scarfs.

To replace the knitted and woven scarfs manufacturers are turning their attention to scarfs of velours materials, in bright colors, for sport wear. These are straight and have the popular pockets at the ends.

For Cushions.

The good parts of a discarded mattress may be used by cutting into squares, covering with cretonne or other cloth and using as chair and window seat cushions.

Superb Plumage in Brilliant Hats



There are some hats that belong to middle life, or rather that do not belong to the youthful. They match up with the poised, and assurance in style, of matronly wearers who have cultivated the art of dressing. It is their privilege to clothe themselves with more brilliance than belongs to youth. Rich fur turbans and small hats and hats made of beautiful plumage are among those that look best on older women—youth is not the right background for them. The superb feathers from the peacock's neck and gorgeous tail, and other lustrous feathers, and those whose markings are marvels of nature's work, are used to cover shapes either quiet or spirited, for matronly wearers.

The new all-feather hats are distinguished this season by wing and other trims that are in one with the hat. That is, the carefully placed plumage is simply extended into wing or crest or coronet that seems to grow from the hat as natural as the wings from a bird. These hats are suited to fall and winter wear. Only a few feather hats anticipate these seasons and these are all-white feather hats that often appear in August.

The group of hats shown here is typical of the styles, a collection of four of the best that the season has brought to us. They include a tricor entirely covered with feathers, a hat

having a narrow brim draped with velvet and a very beautiful "pocahontas" band that towers to a considerable height at the back, a plain turban and one with a very narrow brim. This one is covered with plain, tan-colored feathers at the side. Short, double wings are extended from the crown, at each side. The feathers that are used on these hats show bronze and vivid green—the predominating colors. They are contrasted with tan, brown, black, gray, and there are innumerable tints that shift about as the light plays on them. But no one can describe adequately the markings or colorings of a beautiful feather. They are more wonderful than flowers.

Julius B. B. B.

Bands Galore.

Bands, bands, bands—the new dresses have as many as a three-ringed circus. There are bands of fur on both bodices and skirts. There are bands of velours de laine—white on a black velvet skirt, for instance—of which Jenny is particularly fond. Strips of fuzzy looking angora diversify jersey frocks, and so on da capo. Sometimes, too, there is a double bill playing; and between bands you will see introduced rows of fringe.

SHIPS IN CONSTANT PERIL

Sailing Without Lights, Navigators Can Only Rely on Quickness of Perception and Professional 'Nerve.'

Even if the Huns are escaped, the life of a merchant ship man in these days is far removed from beer and skittles. An example of what they have to go through is furnished by the narrow squeak the Empress of Britain and the Cardiganshire had one night in the Aegean sea, Ralph E. Cropley writes in the Atlantic. Both are big ships, and they were loaded with troops and going at full speed—zigzagging—not a light showing. It was one of those nights when you can hardly see your hand before you. There were no stars, no phosphorus—nothing—nothing but to trust to luck and the ears of the man on the bridge.

The captain of one of the ships has told me that, before he knew it, there was a ship, bow on him, dead ahead. Of course the first impulse was to shift his helm; but if he did so, the danger would be of one ship giving the other a glancing blow. Fortunately, the other skipper appreciated this also. Their nerve, in spite of several years of war-zone work, was still equal to the occasion. It all happened in the twinkling of an eye, and they passed safely though there had been less than 50-feet separating the ships, and their outswung lifeboats nearly scraped. The captain of the Cardiganshire, though he could not see him, heard the captain of the Empress of Britain above the noises of the sea—heard him yell: "For God's sake, old man, don't shift your helm!" so close were they on their respective bridges high above the sea.

Instances of this kind, which try men's souls, nightly occur, and quite frequently there are collisions and tragedies in the pitch dark. The only way that the two ships identified themselves was ten days later, at Saloniki, when the captain of the Cardiganshire heard the skipper of the Empress of Britain asking a friend if he knew what ship he nearly bumped on a certain night. I am sorry to report that the captain of the Empress of Britain lost his life in the Halifax explosion while doing hospital work.

Small Economies, Big Results.

In England every passenger on the street cars and omnibuses receives a small ticket in receipt for his fare. By simply reducing the size of the ticket by half an inch the London county council reports a saving of 100 tons of pulp per annum.

A thread manufacturer in Great Britain reports a saving of 150 tons of pulp per annum by affixing but one tiny label on the end of the spool of thread in place of one at each end as formerly the practice.

The question of senseless waste of paper in the matter of handbills was dealt with and it was estimated that more than 1,000 tons of pulp were absolute waste in this connection since more than half the handbills were a mere litter in the streets and on front porches, and never read.

By making railroad tickets half the thickness England has saved 400 tons of pulp.

By using postcards instead of paper and envelopes the numerous societies and organizations in Great Britain have saved 600 tons of pulp a year.

Night Photographs From Airplane.

An Italian invention which permits photographs being taken at night has been submitted to the signal corps of the United States army. According to the men who control the new device it will soon be possible to take excellent pictures of enemy positions from airplanes, flying at a low height on moonlight nights. It is also claimed that the invention can be fitted to motion-picture cameras, which would permit the photographing for the screen of much of the fighting in the air, the greater part of which takes place in the early morning hours. Up to the present time the chief obstacles met by the daylight aerial photographers is that the anti-aircraft guns force the flyers to take pictures from a great height, and much of the detail of the enemy lines is therefore lost. It is held, continues Aviation, that flyers are in little danger from artillery when flying at night.

—Scientific American.

Crime Conditions in Germany.

Criminality in Germany augments without cessation. To quote Socialist Mehring before the reichstag, lying, theft and swindling are not offset by military glories. The Bishop of Metz in his London pastoral speaks of immorality, theft and unbridled license. In Berlin in the fall of 1916 there was an average of 300 daily complaints of theft. The insecurity on the public thoroughfares is great. There are 3,000 criminals whose terms at hard labor have expired who are at large, banned alike from the public and private employ. In the Dusseldorf district in the first half of 1917 5,000 adolescents were convicted of crime, and various buildings have had to be converted into workhouses and places of detention for these persons.—La Presse Medicale.

Couldn't Recall It.

Before sentencing the prisoner the judge read a long record of his criminal misdoings, dating from early youth. Then the prisoner asked: "May I inquire your lordship's name?"

"What do you want to know my name for?" sternly asked the judge.

"Well," replied the prisoner, "since your lordship so accurately described my early life, I can't but conclude that you and I have been friends at some time. I fail to recall you at the moment, though."—Stray Stories.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON

Showing That Sometimes the Late Bird "Gets His"

WASHINGTON.—Yes, the early bird catches the worm. But the late bird sometimes catches it, too; especially if he stays up late enough. The matins hours have been sung through history, but no one has laid much stress upon the value of the analogous hours at the other end of the day.

I have always thought that the crafty bird which would sit out on the limb after his fellows had sought their downy nests would probably catch more worms than if he had beat the night.

Birds and men—it is all the same. Messenger boys were gathered in a room at one of the local telegraph offices the other night. It was late for this particular shift of messengers, even if messengers are supposed to know no hours. The boys were counting their day's earnings. One little fellow displayed \$15, and another told how he was making \$150 a month easy as rolling off a log, he said.

How to spend it all was the problem. Some favored going over to "de hotel" and blowing several dollars in for a real feed, while others thought of the theaters, only to recall that the theaters are closed on account of the Spanish influenza.

Amid these boys stood a veteran messenger, a frail old man, seemingly, yet there must be a deep well of life in that old fellow, for he is to be seen night and day, rain and shine, walking around, delivering messages. "Anybody want to go up to the capitol to get some calls?" cried the man at the desk. He named a prominent congressman.

"Naw," spoke up one youth, pulling his cap over his eyes. "We got too much ter do from now on ter bother wid 'im."

"I'll go," said the old fellow. "The boys gave him the 'ha ha' as he shuffled slowly out the door. He was gone about two hours.

When he came back he brought with him a bundle of telegrams as big as a trunk.

The congressman had a big constituency. The man at the desk figured up the "commissions."

On the telegrams which the boys had refused that old messenger made \$53.



Just Two Foolish and Frivolous Young Women

SHE is the office pet. She said so. The other young woman accepted the boast with the indifference which you notice usually greets our self-praisements—people are so aggravating—and went on dabbling rouge from the box on the dresser before the mirror in a theater priming room after the matinee.

"This town must be run away with office pets. You are about the forty-eighth I've come across and I haven't been here a month yet. But you can count me out. I got off because I had a day coming to me—same as you, I guess."

"No such a thing! Two of the other girls wanted to get off and he wouldn't let them. But when I asked him he was as sweet as any peach that ever grew."

"Oh, I see; he could spare you better than the others. You'll be out of a job first thing you know."

"Hateful thing, you! Say, if you expect me to go on the street with you you gotta rub off some of that paint. I wouldn't be caught dead looking like you do."

"Don't worry, love; you'll never look like me, dead or alive. You gotta be born to beauty like mine," and the girl who was making up laughed out with the graceless joyousness of a street kid. And the other took her at her face value.

"The vanity of some people," she said. "You certainly can speak for yourself, can't you kid?"

All of which would be too foolish to waste print paper on except that it is exactly the way two girls went on the other afternoon.

With Souvenirs and Memories of the Great Game

IT WAS a strange audience that listened to Representative Kincheloe of Kentucky recently in the big, comfortable auditorium of the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. building at the Walter Reed Military hospital, on the outskirts of Washington. Not a man but wore his bathrobe, and in the pocket of almost every negligee reposed a proud souvenir of the owner's prowess under the shell fire of the Huns, for the listeners were veterans of the war.

A youth from North Carolina mountains, still shivering from shell shock, fished up a piece of shrapnel from his kimono pocket. "They gouged this out of my hip," he explained. "Another piece got me in the head. I don't reckon I'll ever be fit to go back—wish I could, though." He and many of his slipped comrades were jauntily the tiny, soft "overseas" trench cap, that readily accommodates a gas mask, that supercedes the campaign hat as soon as our men leave our shores and is rapidly becoming the only military headgear of our troops except the steel helmet.

The auditorium, thronged with many hundred invalid young soldiers, a number of whom brought in by their comrades lay around the walls on cots, bristled with a tragic forest of crutches. A game young chap with a bandaged fraction of a foot led the applause together with a handsome sportsman whose case is particularly pathetic, who has no legs at all. The latter is carried tenderly from place to place by comrades less severely stricken.

Departments Have Long Needed More Floor Space

WITH many buildings either requisitioned or erected to accommodate the nation's war business, floor space to take care of peace-time business is insufficient. This statement was authorized by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo. The Arlington building and the treasury annex, both of which will be ready for occupancy in the winter, provide 1,200,000 feet of floor space.

But even with this addition to the available space the treasury department will find it a million feet short of the requirements for normal times. The work of the treasury department is done in fifty-five buildings scattered over the city. Every building and all rooms are crowded to "suffocation," an official of the department said.

"Any person who tells you that at the close of the war there will be a number of unoccupied department buildings in Washington displays gross ignorance of conditions here," said the official referred to. "The truth is, we need two more buildings that should be at least equal in size to the annex and the Arlington to take care of the peace demands in proper shape."

"Washington, as far as necessary public buildings are concerned, was always about as much unprepared for peace as she has been shown to be unprepared for war. And now that influenza has spread, conditions have become unbearable."

